THE NOVEMBER MAGAZINES.

"HARPER'S."

T. B. Peterson & Brothers send us the November number of *Harper's Magazine*, which presents this list of articles:—

"The Huguenots," Eugene Lawrence, with ten illustrations; "My Babes in the Wood," Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt; "The Cave of Bellamar," General Frederico F. Cavada, with nine illustrations; "Phantom Days," Carl Spencer; "Down the Mississippi," George Ward Nichols, with six illustrations; "The Negative in Photography," Jacob Abbott, with seven illustrations; "My Distinguished Friend Saltsam," from the French, by Charles Carroll; "Life in Brittany, part i.—A Week at Nantes," George M. Towle; "Choose," Grace Greenwood; "A Pilot's Wife," Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, with two illustrations; Frederick the Great, xii. Frederick at Sans Souci," with four illustrations; "Dawn of the Heights," C. E. Brooks; "Anne Furness," by the author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," Veronica," etc.; "The Sacred Flora," part ii., M. D. Conway; "A Sigh," Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford; "Anteros," by the author of "Guy Livingstone," etc.; "An October Idyl," Constance F. Woolson; "The Rock of the Legion of Honor," part i., by the author of "On the Heights," etc.;" "Literary Forgeries," from the French, by Kate Putnam Osgood; "Editor's Easy Chair;" "Editor's Literary Record;" "Editor's Scientific Record;" "Editor's Historical Record;" "Editor's Drawer."

From "Down the Mississippi," by George Ward Nichols, we take the following description of poker player on a Western steamboat:—

You can not see now, as we did ten years ago, the cabin tables surrounded by planters, merchants, and politicians, calling themselves gentlemen, who would gamble from morning till night, and again till morning, staking, and often losing, their entire fortunes. We do not now encounter the elegant, gentlemanly professional gambler, who was accomplished in every way, and not least in the use of the pistol and bowie-knife. Well-educated, fascinating gentlemen were they, whose hands were again and again stained with the blood of their fellow creatures. All this class of men are hardly to be found in the Southwest in this goodly year of our Lord 1870. The war did splendid scavenger-work in sweeping them into the other world. And the young men now coming up into life, who would have been such as they, find a better existence in working for their daily bread. The gang of gamblers who are our companions on this trip belong to altogether another class than those whose places they fill. These are what the panel thief is to the bank burglar, what Burns is to Morrissey. It is amusing for your experienced traveller to watch the tricks and schemes of these miserable wretches. One of these is short, rather fat, dressed in black broadcloth, and carries under his plug hat a cunning, greasy, smooth-shaven face, which has small, ferret-like eyes in it, and a red snub nose, like a carbuncle, imposed upon it. This man is called the "Judge," and is, I believe, the leader of the gang, although another fellow in common clothes, with a wolfish, cowardly countenance, gives the cue to all their doings. The third thief of the party is small in stature, with black moustache, and an assumed wobegone look. It is he who, in their make-believe games, bets wildly and largely, who most always loses, gets angry, and appeals to the lookers-on. The fourth of the squad looks like an honest tradesman, who ought to be in better business than betting.

One day these gentlemen were playing at poker, which is a favorite game for their nefarious purposes. The "Carpenter"—we will give them such names as describe them best—had dealt "Ferret-eyes" a hand of three kings and seven and eight of clubs, To "Wolf-mouth" he gave three aces and a nine and ten of hearts. With these hands "Ferret-eyes" and "Wolf-mouth" began to bet and brag in the most excited way, talking to each other, appealing to the crowd, and getting up an enthusiasm pretty much as the clown and ring-master do in the circus, shouting and running in order to make the audience believe that the horse which the "equine queen" is riding is going fearfully fast, when it is all a sham, gotten up for effect. Such was the excitement about our steamboat gaming table.

"I see your twenty dollars and go fifty better," shouts "Ferret-eyes."

"I see your fifty and go ten better," screamed "Wolf-mouth."

"I see that, and make it one hundred," cries "Ferret-eyes."

At this point there was a dead pause and silence, broken in an instant by "Wolf-mouth," who turned beseechingly to the bystanders with the remark:—

"Gentlemen, I'm blowed if I ain't strapped."

Meanwhile moving around the table there was a peaked sandy-haired man, who has on board forty mules, which he is taking to Memphis. This fellow had seen both hands, and knew that "Wo'f-mouth" had the strong cards. Just at this moment he caught the gambler's eye, who continued:—

"Ef I had a mule, wouldn't I sling him, ears and all, atop o' that pile?"

"You kin bet one of my mules," was the answer of "Sandy-hair."

"Will you take the mule?" cries "Wolf-mouth" to "Ferret-eyes."

"Yes," answered the other, asking the "Carpenter," as he had a right to by the laws of the game, for two cards, in place of his seven and eight of clubs. That obliging gentleman at once complied, giving him the fourth king and an ace. "Wolf-mouth" did not ask for more. They showed their hands. "Ferret-eyes" swept in the pool, and "Sandy-hair," to his dismay, had lost his mule.

"THE GALAXY."

The contents of the November number of *The Galaxy* are as follows:—

"Lady Judith: A Tale of Two Continents," chapters xvii and xviii, by Justin McCarthy; "A Brazilian Poem," from the Portuguese of Gonzalves Dias; "Reminiscences and Speculations, Apropos of the Turning-point in the King of Prussia's Life," by Carl Benson; "Dead and Born," by Ellie Lee Hardenbrook; "Fort Sumter. Facts in Relation to the Expedition Ordered by the Administration of President Lincoln for the Relief of the Garrison in Fort Sumter," by Gideon Welles; "Overland," chapters xiv, xv, xvi, and xvii; "Nothing by Halves," by Frank Lee Benedict; "The Reality of Medicine," by A. K. Gardner, M. D.; "Monsignore Capel (The Monsignore Catesby of Disraeli's 'Lothair') (with portrait)," by Fanny Barrow; "Shekh Ahnaf's Letter from Bagdad," by Bayard Taylor; Alexandre Dumas, Pere," by Albert P. Southwick; "Lost Houses," by H. H; "The Galaxy Miscellany;" "Drift-Wood," by Philip Quilibet; "Current Literature" "Mark Twain's Map of Paris (with map);" "Memoranda," by Mark Twain; "Nebulæ," by the Editor.

In Mark Twain's "Memoranda" we find the following:—

RILEY—NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.

One of the best men in Washington—or elsewhere—is Riley, correspondent of the great San Francisco dailies.

Riley is full of humor, and has an unfailing vein of irony which makes his conversation to the last degree entertaining (as long as the remarks are about somebody else). But notwithstanding the possession of these qualities, which should enable a man to write a happy and an appetizing letter, Riley's newspaper letters often display a more than earthly solemnity, and likewise an unimaginative devotion to petrified facts, which surprise and distress all men who know him in his unofficial character. He explains this curious thing by saying that his employers sent him to Washington to write facts, not fancy, and that several times he has come near losing his situation by inserting humorous remarks which, not being looked for at headquarters and consequently not understood, were thought to be dark and bloody speeches intended to convey signals and warnings to murderous secret societies or something of that kind, and so were scratched out with a shiver and a prayer and cast into the stove. Riley says that sometimes he is so afflicted with a yearning to write a sparkling and absorbingly readable letter that he simply cannot resist it, and so he goes to his den and revels in the delight of untrammelled scribbling; and then, with suffering such as only a mother can know, he destroys the pretty children of his fancy and reduces his letter to the required dismal accuracy. Having seen Riley do this very thing more than once, I know whereof I speak. Often I have laughed with him over a happy passage and grieved to see him plough his pen through it. He would say, "I had to write that or die; and I've got to scratch it out or starve. They wouldn't stand it, you know."

I think Riley is about the most entertaining company I ever saw. We lodged together in many places in Washington during the winter of '67-'8, moving comfortably from place to place, and attracting attention by paying our board—a course which cannot fail to make a person conspicuous in Washington. Riley would tell all about his trip to California in the early days, by way of the Isthmus and the San Juan river; and about his baking bread in San Francisco, to gain a living, and setting up ten-pins, and practising law, and opening oysters, and delivering lectures, and teaching French, and tending bar, and reporting for the newspapers, and keeping dancing school, and interpreting Chinese in the courts—which latter was lucrative, and Riley was doing handsomely and laying up a little money when people began to find fault because his translations were too "free," a thing for which Riley considered he ought not to be held responsible, since he did not know a word of the Chinese tongue and only adopted interpreting as a means of gaining an honest livelihood. Through the machinations of enemies he was removed from the position of official interpreter, and a man put in his place who was familiar with the Chinese language but did not know any English. And Riley used to tell about publishing a newspaper up in what is Alaska now, but was only an iceberg then, with a population composed of bears, walruses, Indians, and other animals; and how the iceberg got adrift at last, and left all his paying subscribers behind, and as soon as the commonwealth floated out of the jurisdiction of Russia, the people rose and threw off their allegiance and ran up the English flag, calculating to hook on and become an English colony as they drifted along down the British possessions; but a land breeze and a crooked current carried them by, and they ran up the stars and stripes and steered for California, missed the connection again, and swore allegiance to Mexico, but it wasn't any use; the anchors came home every time, and away they went with the northeast trades, drifting off sideways towards the Sandwich Islands, whereupon they ran up the Cannibal flag and had a grand human barbacue in honor of it, in which it was noticed that the better a man liked a friend the better he enjoyed him; and as soon as they got fairly within the tropics the weather got so fearfully hot that the iceberg began to melt, and it got so sloppy under foot that it was almost impossible for ladies to get about at all; and at last, just as they came in sight of the islands, the melancholy remnant of the once majestic iceberg canted first to one side and then to the other, and then plunged under forever, carrying the national archives along with it—and not only the archives and the populace, but some eligible town lots which had increased in value as fast as they diminished in size in the tropics, and which Riley could have sold at thirty cents a pound and made himself rich if he could have kept the province afloat ten hours longer and got her into port.

And so forth and so on, with all the facts of Riley's trip through Mexico, a journey whose history his felicitous fancy can make more interesting than any novel that ever was written. What a shame it is to tie Riley down to the dreary mason-work of laying up solemn dead-walls of fact! He does write a plain, straightforward, and perfectly accurate and reliable correspondence, but it seems to me that I would rather have one chatty paragraph of his fancy than a whole obituary of his facts.

Riley is very methodical, untiringly accommodating, never forgets anything that is to be attended to, is a good son, a staunch friend, and a permanent, reliable enemy. He will put himself to any amount of trouble to oblige a body, and therefore always has his hands full of things to be done for the helpless and the shiftless. And he knows how to do nearly everything, too. He is a man whose native benevolence is a well-spring that never goes dry. He stands always ready to help whoever needs help, as far as he is able—and not simply with his money, for that is a cheap and common charity, but with hand and brain, and fatigue of limb and sacrifice of time. This sort of men is rare.

Riley has a ready wit, a quickness and aptness at selecting and applying quotations, and a countenance that is as solemn and as blank as the back side of a tombstone when he is delivering a particularly exasperating joke. One night a negro woman was burned to death in a house next door to us, and Riley said that our landlady would be oppressively emotional at breakfast, because she generally made use of such opportunities as offered, being of a morbidly sentimental turn, and so we would find it best to let her talk along and say nothing back—it was the only way to keep her tears out of the gravy. Riley said there never was a funeral in the neighborhood but that the gravy was watery for a week.

And sure enough, at breakfast the landlady was down in the very sloughs of woe—entirely broken-hearted. Everything she looked at reminded her of that poor old negro woman, and so the buckwheat cakes made her sob, the coffee forced a groan, and when the beefsteak came on she fetched a wail that made our hair rise. Then she got to talking about deceased, and kept up a steady drizzle till both of us were soaked through and through. Presently she took a fresh breath and said with a world of sobs:—

"Ah, to think of it, only to think of it!—the poor old faithful creature. For she was so faithful. Would you believe it, she had been a servant in that self-same house and that self-same family for twenty-seven years come Christmas, and never a cross word and never a lick! And oh to think she should meet such a death at last!—a-sitting over the red-hot stove at three o'clock in the morning and went to sleep and fell on it and was actually roasted! not just frizzled up a bit, but literally roasted to a crisp! Poor faithful creature, how she was cooked! I am but a poor woman, but even if I have to scrimp to do it, I will put a tomb-stone over that lone sufferer's grave—and Mr. Riley, if you would have the goodness to think up a little epitaph to put on it which would sort of describe the awful way in which she met her——"

"Put it '*Well done*, good and faithful servant!'" said Riley, and never smiled.

[I have either printed that anecdote once before or told it in company so many thousand times as to carry that seeming to my mind, but it is of no consequence—it is worth printing half a dozen times.]

"PUTNAM'S."

The November number of *Putnam's Magazine* winds it up as a distinctive periodical, and hereafter it will be merged in the new *Scribner's Illustrated Magazine*, which will be issued shortly under the editorial supervision of "Timothy Titcomb" (Dr. Holland). The contents of the November number of *Putnam* are as follows:—

"The Man in the Moon," Prof. Schele de Vere; "French Influence at the Vatican," Rev. Dr. Keatinge; "Lota's Missionary Field," "Susan Coolodge;" "About Dogs, Socially," Caroline A. Halbert; "The Fortunes of Ahmed," James W. Morris; "The American Language," W. W. Crane; "Mr. Lincoln and the Petitioners," a record from the Executive Chamber, M. Wentworth; "A Woman's Right," X, Mrs. M. C. Ames; "A Pilgrimage to Peking," Rev. E. W. Syle, Shanghai; "The Fourth of September in Paris," a Young American; "Literature at Home;" "Title and Contents to the Sixth Volume."

From the very interesting paper entitled "Mr. Lincoln and his Petitioners," by M. Wentworth, we extract this portion:—

Many times the President started to go to his private room; but sad faces pressing up the stairway stopped him as he was crossing the hall, and he went back again.

"Do, kind President, grant my request!"

The woman's voice was very plaintive, and large tears were falling, but she made no *sound* of crying.

"No, no, I cannot! I cannot, good woman—I cannot! I might grant such requests a thousand a day. I can't turn the Government inside out and upside over. I can't please everybody. I must do my duty—stern duty as I see it. Nobody wants their friends drafted—nobody wants them taken as deserters. He should not have been absent so long; he should not have taken upon himself the appearance of a deserter. How do *I* know—how does *anybody* know—how does the War Department know—that he did not intend to stay upon the boat where the soldiers found him? How does anybody know that he didn't *think* about his furlough being ended? Didn't *think!* That was his business to *think*. I am sorry. Everybody ought to be sorry for those who do wrong. When he knew the laws, why did he break them? When he knew the penalty, why did he bring it upon himself?

"You plead for him, and tell me how upright he is. That's all very well. It is easy for us to overestimate the goodness of those we love. You are his neighbor. It is very kind in you to come so far and plead so strongly; but—I can't—I can't do anything for you!"

"Please, President Lincoln!"

"No, no! no, no! I can't—I won't—I won't!" and he sprang to his feet, but in an instant resumed his former position in his chair, and leaned forward to snap the little bell.

"Oh! oh!"

It was a sound of intense grief, disappointment, and surprise, all mingled together; coming up so from the heart as this peculiar sound did, it arrested the hand upon the bell, lifted the eyes that were growing cold and stern to the pleading face of the woman before him. She had left her chair, and stood so near that her clothes brushed against him. Heavy were the lines upon her face—lines of care and sorrow; earnest were the tear-dimmed eyes.

"Do, kind sir, consider my case a moment more—oh, President Lincoln! Remember, you were poor once—and—and——"

"Had no friends, do you mean?" he interrupted, almost scornfully.

"No—oh, no!—had a *few* friends—tried and true friends, who would never forsake you. Only one of them I know—*one*, who is alike a friend to you and to me. For his sake—for our dear Lord's sake—grant my petition!"

There was a striking solemnity in her whole attitude; and the President turned very pale, his eyes misty, sad, and then sadder, as he repeated, slowly and reverently:—

"For our dear Lord's sake!"

"Here are three hundred dollars; it was made up by his neighbors. Couldn't you save him from an ignominious death, which he does not deserve?—no, he does not deserve!"

"Take back your money!" cried the President, throwing away from him her extended hand. "Take it back! I do not want it!"

Only an instant his hand and voice were raised, and then he resumed, kindly:—

"I shall not have your money, good woman; the War Department will not have it. Take it back where it came from, and you shall take back his release. Your petition shall be wholly granted."

"Oh, President Lincoln! I believe you are a Christian. I thank God for it. I will pray for you every day with my whole heart."

"I have need of your prayers; I have need of all the prayers that can be offered for me."

"Oh, Mr. Lincoln, that is the Christian spirit—that is faith in Jesus! Oh, let me hear you say that you believe in Him!"

"I do," was the solemn answer. "I believe in my Saviour."

And when she arose to depart, the President also arose and opened the door for her, and led her through the outer door and across the hall to the head of the staircase, and shook hands, said "good-by," and went back again to receive more and still more petitioners.

It was past three o'clock; the Executive Mansion was silent and dark, with only the shaded light beside the President, as he sat with folded hands and mournful eyes alone.

"Mr. President, your Honor," said a woman in a languid voice, opening and closing her pale-blue eyes, "Mr. President, your Honor," she repeated with a slight emphasis, and then, as though it were the last effort she could ever make, succeeded in saying again, "Mr. President, your Honor."

He regarded her with an amused air, and said, "My name is Mr. Lincoln—Abraham Lincoln. I suppose you call me 'Old Abe' when you're at home."

She dropped her head and raised her handkerchief to her face, heaving the folds of it with a deep-drawn sigh, as in one small eye one small tear stood irresolute, "How you mistake me, honored sir!"

She paused a moment to recover from her emotion, and another woman, less delicate, pushed her way up, and, with a stout voice and important manner, began to tell her qualifications and show her certificates, and wished to have a place given her in the Treasury Department.

"I'd have a different order of things there, Mr. President. I could do the work of two, and do it well. It's a bad thing," she went on, "to have so many young girls there; it's a crying shame—it's a disgrace. You ought to turn them all out, and put in their places persons of my age."

Before the President could answer, a very tall man stumbled over the feet of two or three, and, as he picked himself up and his scattered papers, he exclaimed eagerly:—

"Look at these, Mr. President—read all these letters; they will tell you that I am qualified for a high position;" and he stumbled again, in his hurry to get up to the President.

"I need not look at your letters; you speak for yourself, sir. It was a waste of time for you to get these letters."

"Won't you read them, Mr. President, your Honor?"

"No, sir. We have enough paymasters that are known to us—enough, sir—enough; we have more of them than we have money for, and, out of charity to taxpayers, I ought to dismiss about fifty of them."

"It is an important thing to have a man you can trust, Mr. President—one who is perfectly honest. It is an easy matter for money to get lost, if in the hands of easy, careless people."

"Yes, it certainly is; and, judging from the manner in which these precious letters of yours have been flying about, I should say Government property would be very, *very* safe with you."

"But there is excuse for me now, sir. Time is very short with me."

"Time is short with all of us—or at least we ought to consider it so. No, sir; I can give you no appointment."

The man began to tell the President that he would never regret it; he would see how faithful he would be, and he would be satisfied that he was better fitted for Paymaster-General than the one who held the position now.

"Oh, you wish to be Paymaster-General! Well, well! you wish me to turn out the man I do know, and put you in his place, whom I don't know! You may go, sir."

The President frowned and waved his hand towards him.

"And you," he said, turning to the woman with a stout voice, "you can't have an appointment. I am sorry so many young girls are in the Treasury building; but that is something over which I have no control."

"And you, madam," turning to the languid woman, "you have not stated your petition."

Another sigh, and then, as though reinforced by sudden vitality, she produced a parcel of letters, saying:—

"Read these, sir; they can tell you who I am I am too timid."

"That's nothing to me," he answered, sharply.

"Just read them, sir."

"I can't; I have no time."

"They are from head people at the South."

"I have no doubt of it."

"They plead for me. I have no confidence in myself."

The President was getting very much annoyed, and shook his head from side to side, as he always did when he was out of patience.

"If you can tell me, madam, what you wish, I will listen; if not, I will go on with the others."

"Read this one," she said, picking it out very carefully.

"No; I cannot." Then, suddenly looking up with an odd smile, he asked:—"Have you one from Jeff. Davis?"

She did not see the expression of the President's face, and she replied, in a faint voice, with her eyes cast down, "I have not, but I can get one."

"Oh, don't put yourself to that trouble; I can know as much from you as from him. I'll take your word for it that you *can* get one." And the President's sleeves shook a little. "Please go on and tell me your story."

"Well—it is—it is—of great account to me. It's about—about my poor cow—which your cruel soldiers killed, and—and—I want the Government to restore the loss—to buy me a new cow."

"I am sorry for your poor cow; but we cannot buy you a new cow. I've had several cow-petitions. I expect next to have some person bewailing the loss of a cat. I have plenty of spare time, of course—have nothing to do, and ought by all means to see that every loss is made good."

"I'd like to go home," the woman said.

"I am perfectly willing that you should, madam."

"But how can I go, with my petition refused?"

"I cannot grant it," frowned the President.

"I supposed you were a kind-hearted man," persisted the timid woman.

"I'll not listen to you," he said, loudly, calling forward some others.

"You are just about as much of a gentleman as I expected to find you," added the woman, as she flouted out of the room.